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Yanuk  
and other  
Poems

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JOHN RICHARD NEAL

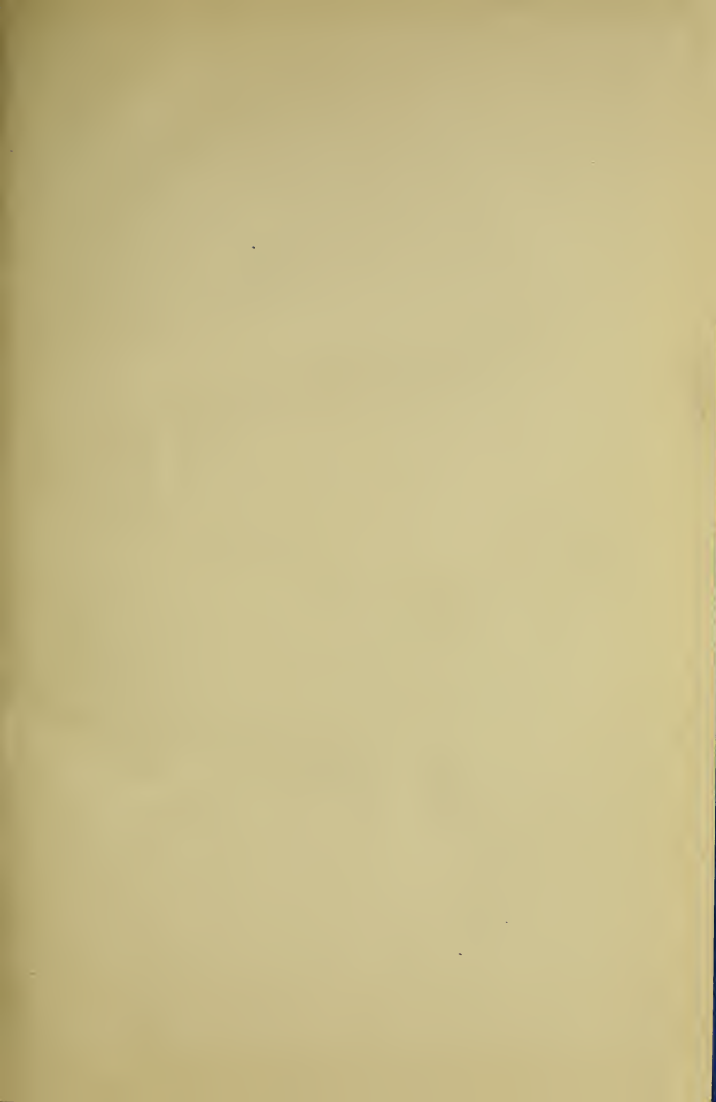


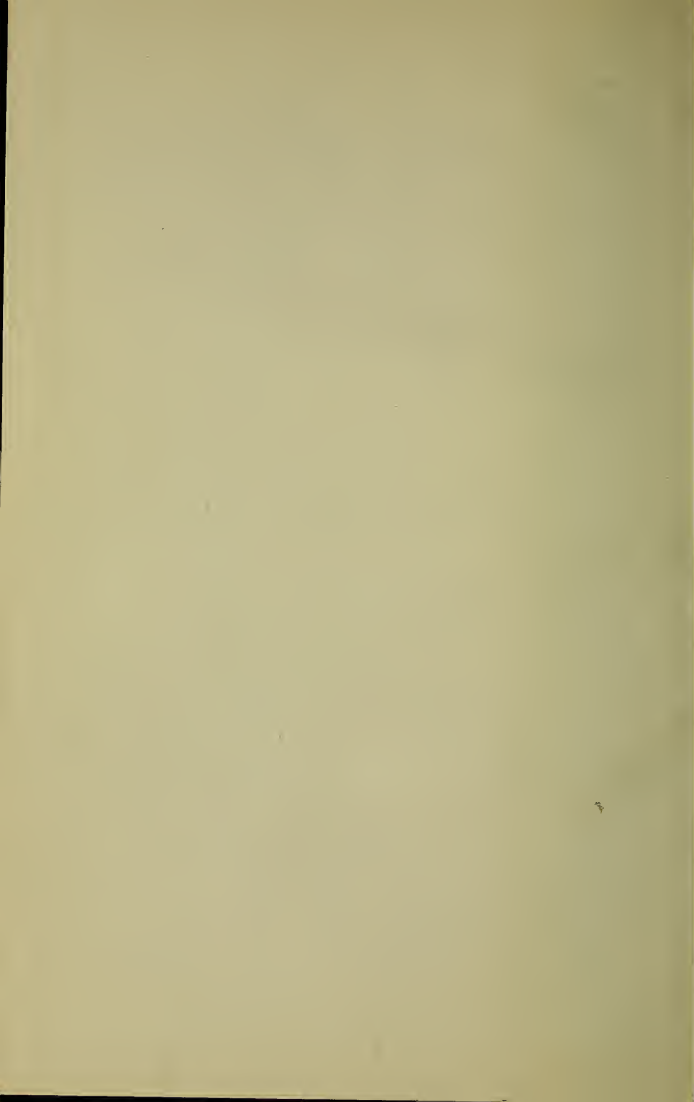
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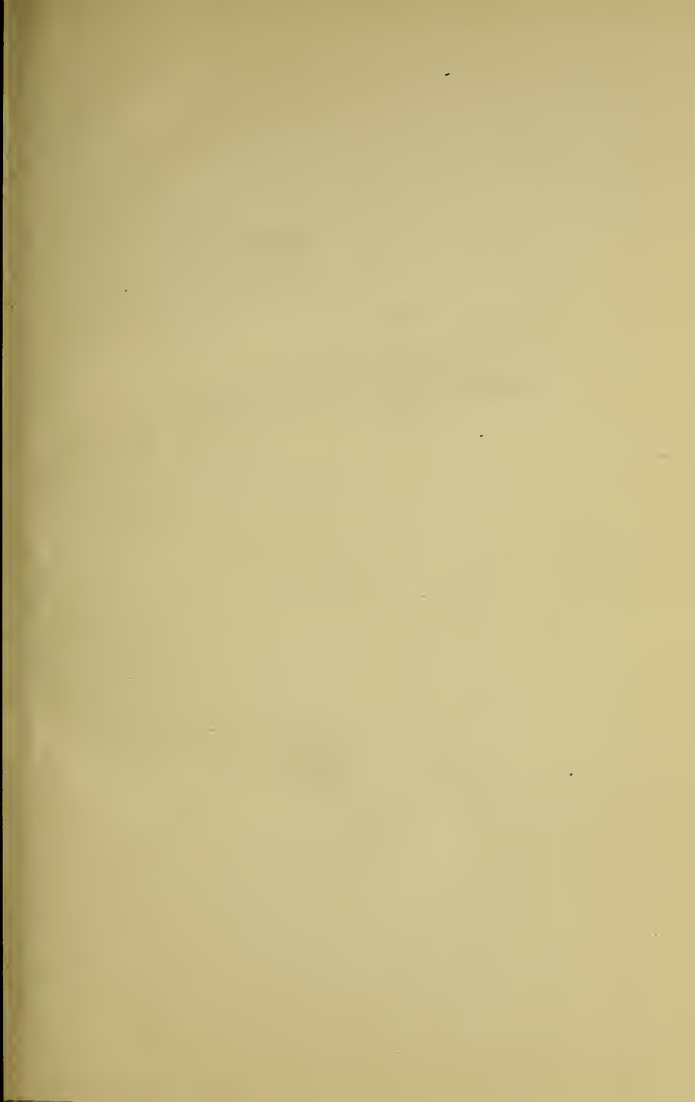
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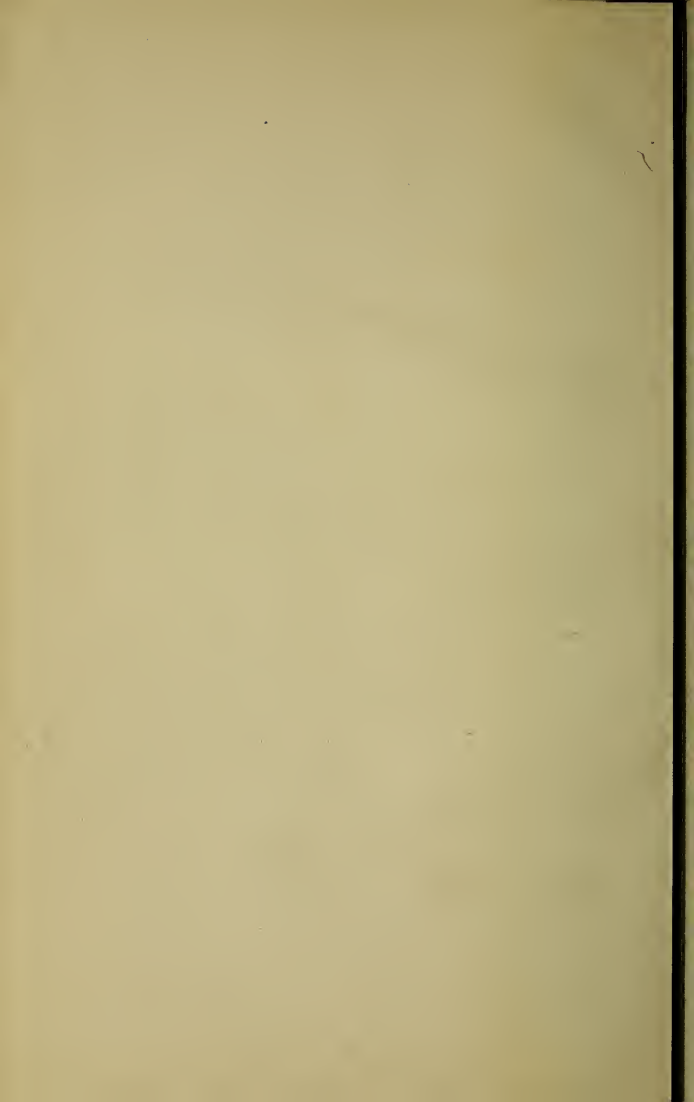
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**Jonah**  
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**Poems**

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ERNEST NEAL

INDEX PRINTING COMPANY  
Atlanta, Georgia

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1920

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## Dedication



UP TO this hour my boast hath been that naught  
 Can stir the soul beyond the power of tongue  
 Or pen's expression; that thought can find a  
 way to words.  
 But as I dwell upon thy name and all thy life  
 Hath been, and must be unto me; a school  
 Girl's tender smiles, a maiden's blushing love,  
 A bride's first kiss of trust, a woman's full-blown faith,  
 A mother's gentle care—my first-born smiling on  
 Her knee; the years of joy and grief, with fortune's  
 Golden light upon the hearth, or hard-times  
 Knocking at the door—and thou the constant  
 Fount of ever pure and holy love, the source  
 Of all my strength—

*My muse is dumb to things of poetic lore,  
 And Fancy's glowing dreams turn pale before  
 Two potent words that thrill and fill my life—  
 A theme within itself the sweetest song—my wife.*



## PREFACE

**W**E all have within us that indefinable something called poetry; that sheet-lightning of Truth; those half-wake recollections of the soul; that perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of things. Not all, however, are poets.

"Few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;  
Alas, for them that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them."

The poet is sometimes presented to us as the harp thru which passion breathes in melody. Is he not rather the master musician, suggested in the above quotation, that plays upon the instrument of a thousand strings and sends floating thru the soul the melody of its own music? or the sculptor that takes cold marble from the quarry of the heart and fashions it into radiant beauty? or the painter that touches up the clouds in life's dark sky, turns them into chariots of living light, and sets the world a-singing

"It isn't raining rain to me,  
It's raining daffodils?"

With this high conception of the poet's mission, I may incur the charge of presumption in presenting to the public eye this volume of verses that fall so far short of poesy's true aim and attainment. My only defense is that, in yielding to solicitations from friends who insist that these products of my muse are worthy to be bound together in a book, I follow the impulse of an honest heart.

Disclaiming any expectation of honor, fame or glory, I do cherish a hope that midst all the physical beauty of this little book its readers may find the magic window thru which may come the visions of a poet's dreams.

Sincerely yours,

ERNEST NEAL.

## PROLOGUE

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## Yonah

## I.

**O** Muse that deigned to loose the Pythia's tongue,  
Nor scorned the aged hag in Delphic shrine,  
Where erst a rustic maid in measures sung  
Apollo's will; vouchsafe this harp of mine  
One strain from cords attuned by touch divine.  
What tho the times thy holy hill deride,  
And modern bards disdain the Heavenly Nine,  
Thou cans't, O Muse of Song, a suppliant guide  
Thru paths that lead to heights where Truth and  
Dream abide.

## II.

And thou, O potent Verse by Spencer wrought,  
Steed formed and fashioned for the Faery Queen!  
Thy measured pace hath borne majestic thought  
'Mong Alpine peaks and many a glorious scene  
Where archaic shadows fall the lights between.  
Thou courser loved by Byron's vagrant Childe!  
My visions grasp thy mane, o'er thy neck to lean.  
If haply, it shames thee not to be beguiled  
From thine accustomed heights to paths obscure  
and wild.

## III.

Beneath the mountains ever beauteous crest,  
Along old Yonah's slope, the journey lies,  
Above Nacoochee's vale, hid in a nest  
Of tree-clad pinnacles that 'round it rise  
Above the plain, like geni to the skies.  
Here let us pause awhile to bathe the soul  
In rapture o'er the scene that meets the eyes;  
For Nature never did more gorgeous scroll  
Than these entrancing charms of land and sky  
unroll.

## IV.

Not Cintra's mount, nor Cashmere's gentle vale;  
Not Geneva's lake, nor Danube's soft blue tide;  
Not Circassian citron grove, where the gale  
Fans dusky beauty's cheek at eventide;  
Not Zambezi's rocks, where the waters glide  
In torrents that from cliff to jungle leap—  
Not these and all this wonderous world beside—  
Out-charm this unsung, wild, magestic steep  
About whose rugged base ten thousand beauties  
sleep.

## V.

Oh, scene transcendent! Magic mystic maze!  
Kaleidoscope of ever-varying hue!  
The summer sunset paints with golden blaze,  
While o'er the eastern slope, in hazy blue,  
The rising moon pours forth her soft light, too.  
The kiss of hastening night and lingering day  
Commingle in the mellow melting view  
'Till the shimmering gold and silver gray  
In somber twilight shadows melt and fade away.



## VI.

And now 'tis night! and in shimmering sheen  
Of moon, full orb'd, and glorious evening star  
The Chattahoochee trends his way between  
Yon banks, whose willows trace but do not mar  
That silver scroll adown the valley far.  
Enchantment lingers here! and mystic ties  
Unite me to the glorious moon-lit scene—  
The smiling vale, the peaks that round it rise—  
While star-beam nerves connect my spirit with  
the skies.

## VII.

Oh, voiceful silence! Broodings o'er me steal!  
On thee, my soul, my solemn musings dwell.  
Thee all things hide; yet, all things thee reveal—  
All that to archangel ever yet befell,  
Or demon dared to dream in depths of hell,  
Or man on sin-curst Earth hath wrought—  
Thou spark of God! Thy scintillations tell  
Of star-lit realms where I may read His thought  
Nor cease to be until His wondrous universe is  
naught!

## VIII.

Whence camest thou, immortal essence? Whence  
These half-wake recollections of a day  
Beyond the morn when thou wert ushered hence  
Within this fragile tenement of clay?  
Art thou of universal Soul a single ray  
Caught in environments of Time and Space,  
Eternal and immortal only in the way  
That matter ceases not? Tho waves erase,  
The ever-crumbling rocks to other forms give  
place.

This Earth, about whose crust a soft light glows  
From all the stars that grace the midnight sky,  
Doth tell in stone-writ words of Nature's throes;  
Of solar fires and perished forms that die  
'Mid earth-quake shock and seething waters high.  
Thus woven in the soul—deep woven— run  
An evidence that ever brighter grows;—  
Instinctive threads of truth, like star-light spun,  
Proclaim its origin from God, the central sun.

## IX.

Between this rugged mount we call Today  
And you Tomorrow's bright alluring steep,  
Somewhere, somewhere, the summons comes to lay  
This mortal down again with Earth to sleep.  
But when the stars have ceased their watch to keep  
The never-dying soul shall still explore  
In realm of Dream or Truth the ocean deep  
Of its own mysteries; tho on this hither shore  
Dark clouds arise to thwart, and threatening  
thunders roar.



By boatman comes! No frown doth mar his face;  
No war-like garment wraps his kingly form,  
But peaceful robe. He rescues me; in his embrace  
I fall asleep; and, sheltered from the storm,  
My life is wafted from the boistrous shore.  
No pain; no grief: The heavy shadows o'er me steal;  
The night grows dark; and yet, I question not the  
morn.  
Once in my mother's womb I slept; now—as then—I  
feel  
No fearful horrors; longing to be born  
Into a brighter, higher life when this is gone.

## Love Immortal

WHEN the sun, grown old,  
Is dark and cold,  
And the planets are faded and gone;  
When never his light  
Makes the moon's face bright—  
Oh, say, can love live on?

Every world and star  
In the universe, far  
As the voice of God can call;  
Count sphere on spheres  
Thru countless years,  
And love outlives them all.

When worlds have decayed  
Love, heaven arrayed,  
Will bloom in the soul of me:  
Not in the cold sod  
But the bosom of God  
I shall rest, sweet love, with thee.

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As Long as His Rivers Flow  
Into the Sea

W

HAVE you heard of the land of the Cherokees  
With its wonderful streams and beautiful  
trees

Of its flowers abloom, and the wild perfume  
That floats like a dream on the evening breeze?

Have you heard of Echota, the capital town,  
And the brave old chief with feathery crown?  
Of the warrior band, and the pow-wow grand  
In the light of the moon when the sun goes down?

Far away in the past, this quaint land lies,  
And around it the mists obscure arise;  
It is only in dreams we may hear the shrill screams  
Of its eagles afloat in their native skies.

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## The Bell's Last Song

But its rivers glide on in rhythmic flow  
Through fields of today from a weird long ago—  
The cold Chickamauga, the slow Connesanga,  
Like their musical names gurgle soft and low.

In the laughing of the ripples of the sweet Salacoa;  
In the falling of the current of the silvery Toccoa;  
In the roarings of Talulah, and the splashings of  
Yahoola  
Are the wild and varied volumes of a never-written  
lore.

And we list to the song of the sad Ettowah—  
In his voice is a sob, a refrain from afar—  
While the rough Chattahoochee makes love to  
Nacoochee  
In the shade of the Vale of the Evening Star.

From the gold-bearing mountains comes the rich  
Chestatee;  
Thru the valleys of the west flows the Coosawattee.  
In their music shall roll the Indian soul  
As long as his rivers flow into the sea.

### The Bell's Last Song

**W**ITH tearful eye, breast heaving  
high,

One holy Sabbath morn,  
A song I heard, like angel's word,  
From old church tower borne.

Oh, need I tell what said the bell  
As forth and back it swung?  
Thru future time no more to chime,  
This last sweet song was sung.

All things must pass ;and now, alas!  
The gray old church must fall;  
And soon will come a loftier dome,  
But I no more shall call.

Tho I be found cast low to ground  
From high where long I've hung,  
This charge I give: by the dead—who  
live—  
Remember the songs I've sung.

I oft have tolled when slow hearse rolled  
Its burden to my door.  
In solemn stroke these words I spoke.  
“Life evermore!” “Life evermore!”

In gentle tone—like angel's own—  
I've sung on christening day;  
On mother's breast in peaceful rest  
The baby smiling lay.

With sweet delight on summer night  
I've rung when the young man led  
His love to shrine of love divine,  
Where the marriage vows were said.

I've moaned and cried when father died,  
And children were wailing loud;  
I've sung from my dome to sorrowing  
home  
Where mother lay wrapped in her  
shroud.

And now, oh Time! this mellow chime  
I fling to the Sabbath air,  
From throbbing throat, is my own death-  
note  
And my last fond call to prayer.

Then, pledge me here, ye children dear,  
For whom so long I've rung,  
By love of the past to that hour, your last,  
You'll cherish the songs I've sung.

The baby smiling lay,  
On mother's breast in peaceful rest  
I've seen on christening day  
In little room--like angel's own--

With sweet delight on summer night  
I've rung when the young man led  
His love to shrine of love divine.

### To the Grand Canyon

I LOVED thee when a boy; though to me  
Thou wert a vision of the mental eye  
From books and pictures caught, But now I see  
Thy splendor as it is before me lie  
Vast, matchless, and supreme, against the sky!  
As if old ocean, in his grandest swell,  
Stood still, and all his heaving billows high  
To castles turned, and rainbow colors fell  
From mists of crested foam upon their walls to dwell.

From throbbing throat, is my own death

note

And my last fond call to prayer

Then, pledge me here, ye children dear

For whom so long I've rung,

By love of the past to that hour, your last

You'll cherish the songs I've sung.



### In the Harbor

**A**N aged man with hoary hair,  
A little child played 'round his chair  
And clambered on his knee.  
The careworn face with heaven smiled;  
Like an angel laughed the child,  
As happy as could be.

Where life begins and where life ends,  
Near the Father's door meet these friends—  
And each with empty hand.  
A soul grown tired of earthly years  
And one untouched by sins and fears  
Are near the golden strand.

And this is why the baby fair  
Loves to climb on grandpa's chair  
To greet him with a smile.  
These friendly ships in harbor free,  
One nearing home, one bound for sea,  
Would furl their sails awhile.

### The Sweetest Song

THE sweetest song that ever was sung,  
Do you know by whom and when?  
It was not from the lips of an artist  
flung

For the praise or the gold of men.  
Nay; not from the opera's gilded stage,  
Nor e'en from the sacred choir,  
Has come the song of every age  
Most potent to inspire.

In a vine-clad cot from the world apart,  
Under the star-lit sky,  
A mother sings from a mother's heart  
A mother's lullaby.

The sweetest child in all the land,  
Do you know whose child and where?  
Not the poor rich child in a mansion grand,  
With its pride and worldly care,  
But the rich poor child in that humble cot,  
Under the star-lit sky,  
Who hears that song and forgets it not,  
A mother's lullaby.

The grandest man under the sun,  
Shall I tell you whence he came?  
Not at the top was his life begun,  
Nay; not with a father's fame.  
But he caught a glimpse of Heaven above,  
From that home 'neath a star-lit sky,  
As he drank with her milk a mother's love  
And heard her lullaby.

The queenliest woman Earth e'er knew,  
Did she grace a worldly throne?  
Nay, not so; but a mother true,  
With God and Heaven her own,  
She cradled her babe in a manger bare,  
Beneath the star-lit sky,  
And angels joined in a chorus there  
To Mary's lullaby.

### How Great, How Small

**H**IS own soul is each man's universe;  
What is, is what he knows and feels,  
All else to him is nothingness.  
Some souls contract about earth's paltry things  
Like chigger skins 'round molecules of dust;  
But some expand in ever widening waves  
Of circling light through constellations bright  
With God's eternal truths.

## Love

A SOUL in the desert lying—  
The death-haunted desert of sin;  
Without are the dead and the dying,—  
An angel sin-prisoned within!  
From a rock in the wilderness smitten  
The life-giving water gushed;  
From the heart on which Christ has written  
What volumes of love have rushed!

In depths of my sin and disaster  
My life was a wilderness wild;  
But spirits love-writ by the master  
Upon me like angels have smiled.  
I would give what to me has been given,  
Heart-fuls of love and good cheer;  
I would water with showers of heaven  
God's flowers a-drooping down here.

## Calhoun

**N**ESTLING 'mong mountains,  
Sparkling with fountains,  
Beautiful city Calhoun!  
My heart ever beats  
For thy pleasing retreats  
Where sun-light is gentle at noon;  
For trees never made  
A lovelier shade  
Than falls on thy bosom in June.

Thy beautiful river  
Flows onward forever—  
In rhythms flows on to the sea;  
And the farther he flows  
The sadder he grows,  
For he passes no city like thee.  
And he mingles his groan  
With the ocean's wild moan  
While his spirit flows backward with me.

My soul, like that river,  
Time cannot dissever;  
Tho the stream of my life trends away,  
It touches thee still;  
Thy shock and thy thrill  
Are with me forever and aye.  
Recollections are flowers  
In memory's bowers,  
And they bloom in December and May.

## Annie

THE dove that cooes at eventide,  
The hawthorn blossom at its side  
Are gentle, pure, and sweet;  
But gentler, purer is her mind  
Than flower or bird of any kind  
That poet's eye can meet.

From dimpling waves resplendent gleam  
The trembling stars—a broken dream  
Of heaven on the sea—  
But oh, her tender love-lit eyes!  
They rival all the seas and skies  
That ever shone on me.

A dew-drop from an angel's wing  
In the lily's cup—earth's fairest thing—  
Reflected light of heaven;  
Thus in the chalice of my love  
Is held a radiance from above—  
The heart that she has given.

## Remember, Love

O H, would you have me linger here  
To dally, Love, with you,  
While Duty's voice is calling clear  
Across the waters blue?

Remember, Love,  
'Tis Duty's hand that brings to you  
Honor's brightest bloom;  
'Tis Duty's voice that sings to you  
To banish fear and gloom.  
'Tis Duty's heart that cares for you,  
'Tis Duty's arm that bares for you  
And do or die dares for you,  
Remember, Love.

Oh, look not so reproachful, Love,  
From tender eyes and true;  
I hold not Duty's voice above  
The call of heart, of home, of you.

Remember, Love,  
To me you'll ever be the same,  
And nearest when I'm far;  
For Duty's but your other name  
Amid the smoke of war.

Thus Love and Duty cry to me,  
And all mankind they tie to me,  
Nor faith in God can die to me,  
Remember, Love.



If you should ever call me, Love,  
Across the distant blue;  
If you should ever call, and I  
Should fail to answer you,  
Remember, Love,  
I'm the star that glows for you  
Beyond the realm of night;  
I'm the sun that throws for you  
The summer's glorious light.  
I'm the flag I waved for you,  
And with my life-blood laved for you—  
I'm all things Duty saved for you,  
Remember, Love.

## Calumny

INTO the crowd the slanderer went,  
Mean intent! Mean intent!  
Out of the crowd the murderer came—  
His weapon a tongue, his victim a name—  
Oh, for shame! Oh, for shame!

Bedraggled in slime, down in the dust;  
How unjust! How unjust!  
Peace, fair name by calumny hid;  
Can a falsehood be thy coffin lid?  
God forbid! God forbid!

Through dark ravine the mountain rill  
Flows on still! Flows on still!  
Forth from concealment Truth will glide  
To her ocean eternal, deep, and wide—  
Golden tide! Golden tide!

## She and He

**H**ER room was cosy, trim, and neat  
Because her soul was pure and sweet;  
But he with selfish humors mean—  
A soul and body both unclean—  
All blemished by a selfish life,  
Was never fit for such a wife.

I see him now, as oft before,  
A mud-stained wretch at her door;  
I hear her voice, "Please clean your feet  
Of mud the've gathered in the street."  
Is it enough to clean his shoe  
When heart and mind are muddy too?

If he would pause before her door  
To clean his feet and something more;  
Would bathe his soul in Memory's stream  
That backward flows to Love's Young Dream,  
The light that shone in boyhood skies  
Might gleam afresh from the woman's eyes.

If he would pause to clean his life  
Of mud that's incident to life;  
If he would only enter there  
With this his wish and this his prayer:  
"God make my home a home of love,  
A type of that which is above;"

If he would leave his cares behind  
And never speak a word unkind;  
If to her heart his heart he pressed  
As pure as that within her breast;  
If he and I and you, I mean,  
We'd see the world "a-coming clean."

### Sorrow

*Within the cloud there is a power  
That brings forth beauty's form,  
And pins the rain-bow, like a flower,  
On the bosom of the storm.*

## Reflections

DOWN on the village, sleeping still  
As some old painting rare,  
I gaze from off my favorite hill  
Through autumn's hazy air;  
And here in retrospective mood  
I cannot choose but link  
The chain of hours that thus I've stood  
To gaze and dream and think.

'Twas many and many a year ago,  
On a morning fair as this,  
When first yon smiling scene below  
Enwrapped my soul with bliss.  
How oft that smiling scene, since then,  
My inmost soul hath charmed;  
And now I'm old, I feel again  
My spirit strangely warmed.

For all this wealth in simple fee  
Men struggle with a will;  
Yet all the town belongs to me  
In the landscape from my hill.  
'Tis sweet to think in life's decay  
That joys of heart and mind  
May light the path to heavenly day  
And leave a glow behind.

### Beside Life's Lowly Gate

**T**HERE are lives that reach the heights supreme  
Where Fame and Glory call,  
Their deeds are theme for poet's dream,  
Their praise is sung by all.  
But I sing not a mighty name,  
Nor one of proud estate—  
Just a woman pure who lives obscure  
Beside Life's lowly gate.

In the breath of spring and its gentle stir  
Into bud and foliage green  
The God of Things revealed to her  
The beauty of worth unseen.  
Hid 'neath leaves is the violet fair,  
And such must be thy fate;  
But thou shalt breathe a perfume rare  
Beside Life's lowly gate.

The world sees not the trellis beneath  
The vines that unto it cling,  
Nor cares for the cord that binds the wreath  
That encircles the brow of a king.  
But the God of Things—He knoweth all,  
And oft what men call great,  
In the light of His truth, is exceedingly small  
Beside Life's lowly gate.

God spake to her, and I did not know—  
In my sins I could not hear—  
But I saw His love in her life-depth glow  
Like a star in waters clear;  
And I who was weary of the day—  
Blind worshiper of fate—  
Thank God for the light that streams my way  
From out life's lowly gate.

## For the Millions of Earth's Unborn

**O**N a table at home, in old-fashion style,  
Lies an old-fashion book to-day;  
In it, Grandmother, with a grandmother's  
smile,  
Has pressed baby's shoes away.  
'Tis the Bible that Grandmother's mother once  
read  
And oft lay on Great-grandfather's knee—  
It will go—like the shoes—when Grandmother's  
dead,  
To the baby that's yet to be;  
The baby to come into life like a star;  
That's to fill all the home with joy.  
But Grandmother dreams of Grandbaby's Pa—  
And she's knitting again for her boy.

Like an angel she sits, with the light on her hair;  
In her face is a heavenly look,  
As she dreams of other shoes, dainty and fair,  
That she pressed in that very same book;  
Of the cherub that came from the distant blue  
And his little pink feet, zephyr bound;  
Of the laughter-light and azure hue  
In eyes with wonderment round.  
It's many and many a year since then,  
And today, while love's tears fall,  
That little babe is one of the men  
That sail at Humanity's call  
Under the flag of the true and the brave—  
From the robe of Heaven torn—  
For Grandmother's shoes and Freedom to save  
The millions of Earth's unborn.



## My Dreamland

**T**IME, you scamp, you've made me old,  
You've touched my hair with white;  
But in Memory's magic Dreamland,  
My spirit, feather-light,  
Is roving fields of pleasure  
'Neath boyhood's golden skies,  
And by me walks a little girl  
With tender, loving eyes.

We dreamed then of the future;  
I dream now of the past;  
Both pictures, mingling in my soul,  
Ecstatic glammers cast.  
What was, and is, in Dream-land  
Is sweeter than the real  
When lovelight guilds the shadows  
In that realm of the ideal.

### To Charles W. Hubner

I'VE seen thy face but once; and then  
Thy youth was gone, thy prime of man-  
hood past;  
But still into the hearts of men  
Thy courtly grace a pleasing radiance cast.  
Thy frame, like stately ship approaching  
shore,  
Rich-laden, proud, serene, and old,  
Seemed conscious of the spirit-wealth it bore,  
More precious than Alaska's gold.

I've seen thy face but once; and yet,  
No stranger thou; for many years ago  
I felt thy touch, ne'er to forget,  
In songs that thrilled and filled me so  
No circumstance can e'er contrive  
Thine image in my soul to mar,—  
Can time, or space, of light deprive  
The lake that's mirror to a star?

Of Harris, Ryan, Hayne, Lanier,  
In classic sonnets hast thou sung—  
Within each note a sigh, a tear,  
For harps upon the willow hung.  
Thy soul, akin to theirs, why should I wait  
To find its last and loftiest dream?  
My wreath accept this side the pearly gate—  
An humble bard's love and esteem.

## Life's Day

### MORNING.

**O** THE bright star, herald of the day,  
Proclaims the coming of the sun,  
The smaller lights, with lessening ray,  
In brightening sky fade one by one.  
Young life, how like the breaking of the morn!  
Hope is the star that 'lumes thy opening sky;  
When childish joys, the smaller lights, are gone,  
Hope brightens into day, but does not die.

### NOON.

High in the zenith shines the sun  
And floods the earth with heat and light;  
Unseen, forgot, the stars shine on;  
Earth-splendor dims their radiance bright:  
'Tis thus in manhood's golden prime  
The distant lights of heaven fade;  
Success obscures the stars of that fair clime  
When all the world's with light arrayed.

### NIGHT.

Behind the hill the sun sinks down to rest,  
Dark shadows fall o'er land and sea;  
One bright star blooms out of the west  
And gems bedeck night's canopy.  
Thus comes old age. Earth-light burns low—  
The sable mantle soon descends—  
The stars of Hope and Faith in heaven glow;  
Where life began, its brief day ends.

### A Frog's a Frog

**A** FROG in low and marshy ground  
Where mud and trash and filth abound  
Did croak and croak in accents harsh  
A sad complaint against the marsh.  
"Ah, me!" said he, "If I could be  
Exalted to some lofty tree,  
No feathered songster of the spring,  
No nightingale could me outsing."

The rain poured down, the creek rose high,  
The frog was lifted to the sky.  
The waters fell, the frog had lit  
Twixt limbs of lofty oak to sit.  
He tried to sing, but the breezes bore  
The same harsh croakings as before.  
Know this truth a frog's a frog,  
Perched on high or sunk in bog.  
A bird on the ground with broken wing  
Can look to the sky and a sweet song sing.

My moral is plain: It's better to be  
A bird on the ground than a frog in the tree.

### Keep Faith with Them

**I**N Flanders Field the poppies glow—  
With brighter hue than poppies know—  
O'er soil enriched with crimson flood  
Of many a martyr hero's blood.  
In Flanders Field each poppy red  
Is Freedom's torch flung by the dead.  
"Keep faith with us," the poppies say  
For voices hushed beneath their clay.  
Keep faith with them? When we forget  
May sun and stars forever set!  
O God of Love! unite at length  
The nations in a league whose strength  
Shall hold a world in peaceful span  
And crown at last the Son of Man.

### Truth

**F**ALSEHOOD has a thousand tongues,  
Truth has only one;  
But falsehood gone, truth moves on  
Eternal as the sun.

## To Our Missing Birds

**T**HE red bird will come to my window in  
spring,  
And warble his wild, fresh notes;  
The mocking bird even in winter will sing  
When a dream on the south wind floats;  
The thrush and the wren, again and again  
Will sing ere the snow melts away;  
And the fussy jay bird is bound to be heard  
In December as well as in May;  
But gone from the land is the little joree,  
Once the source of my innocent joy.  
And where, oh where can the bluebird be,  
The bird I loved most when a boy?

The sparrow still chirps from peep-o-the-dawn  
'Till shadows of evening fall,  
When chuck-wills-widow, all sad and forlorn,  
Responds to quaint whippor-wills call.  
Whistling bob-white with cheering delight  
Still gladdens his lady love,  
While floats on the breeze from green woodland  
trees  
The sweet plaintive coo of the dove.  
But gone from the land is the little joree  
Once the source of such innocent joy,  
And where, or where can the bluebird be,  
The bluebird I loved when a boy?

## Hang a Stocking for Him

**I**T is Christmas eve, and faces bright  
Are gleaming with joy and hearthstone light.  
Papa has come from his work to rest—  
Has come to his home like a bird to his nest.  
But here, be it said, no bird ever cooed  
To tenderer mate or happier brood.  
It may be a mansion, it may be a cot—  
It matters not which, and it matters not what—  
A home is a heaven and a heaven is home  
Where love-lights are burning and papa has  
    come  
This night of all nights to gladden and cheer  
With fruits of his labor the circle most dear.

Hang up baby's stocking, but think when you  
    do  
Of the boys that are fighting for God, home  
    and you;  
Of the sacrifice duty is making to love—  
Of the men who place country all things above.  
There are things in this life that money can't  
    buy—  
The values are fixed by the courts of the sky—  
Hang a stocking for him without children or  
    wife  
Who, for you, and for yours, is giving his life;  
Who kissed his young sweetheart, yea, kissed  
    her good-bye,  
For my home and yours to fight or to die.  
Hang a stocking for him in tenderest mood,  
And fill with the crystals of deep gratitude—  
Yes, deep and as high as heaven's bright  
    dome—  
To the saviors of love, innocence, home.



### To The Wren

THE song you sing today, sweet wren,  
Is the song I heard when a boy;  
Your little throat now—like my young heart  
then—

Is ringing with notes of joy.

You sing me back to a sunny clime,  
You are wreathing me with a spell;  
The wild fresh joys of boyhood time  
In my sin-seared bosom swell.

It's many any many a year since then,  
But I love you the same, sweet bird;  
My heart is a child's when the song of the wren  
Mid the cares of life is heard.

### To Mary

**S**ILENT and still are the depths that are deepest  
'Neath billows that never can break on the  
shore;

In fathomless love, my Mary, thou sleepest  
Where song is a dream, hushed and supreme,  
Deep in my life's most innermost core.

Unthought-like thoughts that cannot be spoken—  
Half-wake memory, swells of the soul  
That breaks not in words—let silence betoken;  
No song can impart the throbs of my heart,  
The depths of emotions within it that roll.

## Gifts Exchanged

I STOOD at the gate of the world.  
Ambition said, "Grasp the view!"  
My blood through its channels flew,  
Mad-drunken with joy, like wine.  
Wealth, honor and fame I beheld.  
My heart said, "These shall be mine."  
  
I went my way through the world,  
To gain and conquer, I fought.  
I achieved the ends I sought  
But to sigh and whimper and moan;  
Ambition's goal achieved,  
Love's treasure was yet unknown.  
  
God said, "Sell all, and for me."  
I laid my all at His feet,  
Gave up life's bitter for sweet—  
All that I had I have given—  
My cup that was full of the world  
I emptied; HE filled it with Heaven.

### A Voice in The Open

**I** THOUGHT I had bliss by the ears  
And could lasso the stars from the sky;  
But I've missed in the throw, it appears—  
It's trouble got roped, and I.

I've lost all I had in the world,  
I've missed all the ends I sought;  
In the coil for happiness twirled,  
It's trouble and me that's caught.

I look from the ground to the trees,  
All clad in radiant green;  
Where sweet-scented leaves now wave to the  
breeze,  
Last winter bare limbs were seen.

And I rise as one from the dead;  
To the God of the oaks I cry,  
“Oh, help me, like them, to lift up my head  
Tho bare to a wintry sky!

### My Piney-Woodsy Girl

WAY down in Southern Georgia  
Where blows the ocean breeze,  
And moss, in festoons hanging,  
Adorns the cypress trees,  
Across the Dixie Highway  
Bright sandy roadlets pass,  
With many a little by-way  
White ribboned through the grass;  
Where vines of yellow jasmine  
And honeysuckle curl,  
I found among the blossoms  
My piney-woods girl.

She's fairer than the fairest  
Of all the flowers that grow,  
And to me she is the dearest  
Of God's things here below.  
Her hair is like the sun-light,  
Her brow like marble stone;  
And from her eyes a love-light  
Soft shines for me alone;  
Her lips are like two rubies,  
Her teeth are purest pearl,  
With pinks her cheeks are blushing,  
My piney-woods girl.

You may talk about your faries  
With light and airy wing;  
Of moon-lit isles enchanted  
Where siren voices sing,  
But life in dear old Georgia  
Down by the rolling sea  
In sugar cane and pinder field  
Is sweet enough for me.  
There joys of earth and heaven  
Like angel wings unfurl  
About a nymph in flesh and blood,  
My piney-woods girl.

### The Unattainable

**M**Y soul is a bird whose yearning desire  
Is beaten and baffled by fate;  
Soar where it will, evading and higher  
Away in the blue is its mate.  
Still would I dream on, bright visions of thee  
Pursuing, O loved ideal!  
Tho never, alas, this heart of me  
Shall throb 'gainst the heart of the real.

## To Madie

TODAY from out thine eyes bedimmed with  
tears

There beamed into my life a tender light,  
As when, thru riven cloud, a star appears  
To bloom in what were else a starless night.

Thy voice, albeit sad, to me was bliss—

'Twas thine own self dissolved in note and trill—  
And fell upon my soul as falls the kiss  
Of gentle south-wind on a wintry hill.

Thy lips, thy cheeks, thy sad but radiant smile,  
Thru sorrow's veil shone sweet to me;  
And thou did'st tell thy grief but to beguile  
My thoughts from grief to thee *and only thee*.

Oh, wonder not that beauty such as thine  
My soul from dreams of sorrow broke.  
Thy griefs but zephyrs are, thou tender vine,  
And I the tempest-beaten oak.

## The Lure of Song

**I** BROKE the charm that held me fast  
To love of nature and of song  
And thought my soul had chimed its last  
Found echo to the aerial throng  
Afloat the sylvan shades among.

I broke the charm to play a part  
For honor and the gold of men,  
Nor deemed my proud, ambitious heart  
Would ever melt in song again,  
Or be the same it once had been.

For poetry—a heavenly flame—  
In poverty and woe is borne;  
The grave illumed by poet's fame  
But ends a life looked on with scorn,  
Tho marble shaft that grave adorn.



I broke the charm! Ah foolish me!  
The spring-time comes, I feel the lure  
'Mong crowds of men—where e'er I be—  
Of mountain breeze, of waters pure,  
And dreams that must with life endure.

Still comes and lingers in my soul  
The beauty of the spring-time light;  
The sun and stars above me roll,  
Still glows the day and smiles the night—  
Bird notes are sweet and flowers bright.

When morning lifts or evening falls  
Or noontide floods the land and sky,  
"To song! To song!" fond nature calls;  
The birds sing on and ask not why—  
Awake, my muse! we, too must try.

## Home of My Childhood Time

O H, bursting buds and odors sweet!  
Oh, woods and fields and skies!  
Oh everything, joy-laden Spring,  
Charmed by your love-lit eyes!  
You bring me dreams of long ago,  
A sun-lit flowery clime;  
A magical maze of gladsome days  
In the home of my childhood time.

Like a stream from the dwindling snow  
My sun-warmed spirit creeps  
Through melting cares to vanished years  
Where dreaming Memory sleeps  
Lapped in the sweets of spring  
And soothed by the tinkling chime  
Of music that floats in sweet bird notes  
In the home of my childhood time.

Away with the wisdom of years!  
I'm young and happy again;  
The south wind's mood steals into my blood,  
My soul into songs of the wren;  
And, with all the sweet voices of spring,  
Is afloat in a sun-lit clime  
'Mong flowers to rest and build her nest  
In the home of my childhood time.

### The Eagle at the Tomb

**T**HERE'S magic in thy name!  
Immortal is thy fame!

Thy grave to freedom dear!  
'Til Humanity has won  
And vanquished is the Hun,  
Lafayette, I am here.

My wing in gratitude  
And fond solicitude  
Has braved the distant blue;  
My beak shall find a way  
A debt of love to pay—  
My debt to France and you.

Thy soul is in my screams  
And from my keen eyes gleams  
As from thy native sky,  
Four million strong the brood—  
Columbia's noblest blood  
Is here to save or die!

## Kildee

**O**VER the marshy plain,  
Swift is thy flight!  
Forth and back, again, again,  
Thru the lonesome night.  
Soft and plaintive is the note—  
Wild, and weird, and free—  
Coming from thy little throat,  
Quaint and sad kildee.

Oh, with what feeling, rare,  
Floats my soul along  
Out in the moonlit air,  
Captive by thy song!  
Where the palm and bullrush grow  
On the watery lea,  
With thy song my fancies go,  
Magical kildee.

Borne on thy dewy wing  
Thru the darkening gloam,  
All my thoughts go wandering  
With thy song to roam;  
And the voices of the dead  
Seem calling unto me,  
In a solemn chorus led  
By thy sad "Kildee!"

Oh, thou minstrel of the night!  
Bird of gloomy age!  
Emblem of the spirit's flight  
From its earthly cage!  
When the cloudlets hover low,  
Teach thy notes to me;  
Singing through the gloom to go,  
I would learn of thee.

### Woman

WOMAN is a flower,  
That fills with fragrance rare  
Man's every breathing hour,  
When he gives his loving care.  
But crushed the tender bosom,  
How soon he is bereft  
Of the sweetness of the blossom—  
But a thorny stem is left.

## Claire

(Tenderly dedicated To Her Mother)

O H, weak are my words to the thoughts of my  
brain

And the feelings that rise in my heart;  
Oft have I sought expression in vain

To sensations that thrill me with exquisite pain  
Too pure and too holy for words to impart.

The dreams of my soul into crystals congeal  
That reflect less of earth than the sky;

I weep and I weep, but cannot reveal  
The visions that brighten the tears in my eye.

'Tis the source of my thoughts that makes them so  
deep;

And the cause, the feeling so rare:  
For I stand o'er a grave where my love lies asleep,  
And memory floods my soul, as I weep,  
With visions of beautiful Claire.

Like a flower that comes from the bosom of spring  
She came from the goodness of God;

Like a flower she bloomed, a heavenly thing,  
To brighten the paths that we trod.

Like a flower she gave forth sweetest perfume

When affliction her young life pressed;  
And even in death, like a crushed fair bloom,  
She sweetened our grief and lighted our gloom  
With loves holy radiance blest.

An angel asleep in her coffin enshrined,  
Like a lily in a snow-white vase—

Fairer was she than the love-wreath entwined  
That encircled her heavenly face.  
God's thoughts are the flowers; and everywhere

When I see them in spring-time bright,  
They will breathe of their playmate, beautiful Claire,  
And in winter's gloom these memories rare  
Will fill all my soul with their light.

Eternal spring will come some day,  
And out from the bursting sod  
My flower will rise to bloom alway  
In the beautiful Garden of God.



## On the Death of Senator A. O. Bacon

NOW, noble Georgian, thy journey is ended;  
Hushed is thy voice, and stilled is thy hand.  
The tears of thy state and the nation are  
blended,  
And grief, life a pall, hangs over the land.

In the bosom of God thy spirit is sleeping,  
Bright be thy visions in heavenly dream;  
While over a grave a country is weeping,  
The deeds of thy life in radiance beam.

In the light of the truth and of duty going,  
Courage was thin en the hard-fought fight;  
Steadfast thy ship when the tempest was blowing,  
Serene was the sail, guided by right.

Like a sun that is set, a bright glow leaving,  
Thy life yet illumines Georgia's fair sky;  
Gladdening her spirit while over thee grieving,  
Thy service lives on; it never can die!

### Life Is a Book

**L**IFE is a book of strange reading,  
The days are the pages we've passed;  
Hard are the words, and the spelling  
More difficult grows to the last.  
Let Truth be our lamp, and the meaning  
Her light on the FINIS shall cast.

### A Glory Departed

THE mountains above the village,  
With armies of trees sublime;  
Titanic oaks and chestnuts,  
Sentinel monarchs of time.

For centuries had they stood there—  
Planted by God's own hand,  
But man with his axe has felled them;  
For greed had need of the land.

Now gone the kingdom of beauty,  
Where's the wealth can pay  
The cost of producing the splendor  
Torn from the mountains away?

I weep in fond recollection  
Of charms that over me hung;  
The trees on the mountains whispering,  
Each quivering leaf a tongue.

They spoke in tones primeval  
Secrets no more to be heard;  
Only the woods could tell them,  
They melt at touch of a word.

### In the Shadow

N the shadow of the world

The realm of darkness lies;—

In the shadow of the world

The stars of heaven rise.

In the shadow of the world

Earth-glamour fades and dies;—

In the shadow of the world

God's lamps are in the skies.

In the shadow of the world

My soul in sorrow sighs;—

In the shadow of the world

Are gleams of angel's eyes.

## Lest We Forget

THE Now is but the eye, the hand, the head  
Unto the ever-lengthening Then;  
The past—a mighty giant—is not dead,  
But lives in every Where and When.

Mere phantoms of the things that were  
Are all the things that yet must be;  
Today we dream Tomorrow from  
The unforgotten Yesterday.

Almighty God, how we forget  
Thy vengeance on the guilty Cain!  
We dream the dream of envy yet,  
And brother is by brother slain.

Shall memory hold to greed and crime  
And all the wrongs that sin hath bred?  
Nor light her torch with love sublime  
By heaven thru the ages shed?

Oh, Star that shone on Judea's hill!  
Lead kindly, Light; we'll follow thee;  
Through Hate's dark cloud breaks on us still  
The dream of love that's yet to be.

### Love's Exchange

**I**F the wind give breath to the rose,  
The rose will the wind perfume;  
If the sun the lily uncloze,  
It gives to the sun its bloom.

It is like this with men:

God's flowers and hearts are true;  
Give them your best, and then  
Their best will come back to you.

## The Camouflage

**F**ROM Night—which is another name for Death—  
In bright'ning Morn began the Sun to rise,  
When grouchy East Wind, his polluted breath  
Condensing into cloud, from mortal eyes  
Concealed and then denied the source of peaceful  
skies.

Cold North Wind, too, with harsh and blustering  
blast,  
In tones of War and Want and wailing Woe,  
Did o'er the sky his black-winged legions cast  
To screen with shadows Heaven's peaceful glow  
And wrap in shroud of gloom the Earth below.

Ah, Wrong and Error! Hinder how you will,  
You cannot blot the light that comes from high!  
Majestic, calm, serene, and glorious still,  
The Sun shines on thru clouded sky—  
You cannot blacken Truth by blinding mortal eye!



**"Belgae Sunt Fortissimi"**

**O**H, Belgium, thou art a garden swept by storm!  
Thy fields are seared in flames that lick the  
sky;

**Thy Queen** and angel kneels in woman's form  
To bend with helpless hand and streaming eye  
Above the ground whereon her starving subjects  
lie.

"Where thy country's heroes?" This to thy King  
"In trenches dead and dying," his reply  
That crowned the men uncrowned, with greater  
thing  
Than coronets or titles grand to royal blood can  
bring.

Oh, grateful King! Far brighter on thy head  
Is love entwined in mournful cypress leaf  
Than all the laurels worn by tyrant, dead  
To the soldier's sacrifice, the widow's grief,  
The unhistoric names that hail him chief.  
And Belgium, least at fault, severest torn,  
Thou yet shall rise from all thy grief;  
From darkest night shall come thy brightest morn,  
And sweetest roses bloom from every piercing thorn.

The God of Peace thy suffering heart hath seen;  
His hosts on earth have loved thee from afar,  
His angels paint upon the sky thy hapless Queen  
Enwreathed with lurid clouds; we call that picture  
    "War."

Oh innocence, thou art the sacrifice for sin!  
The dove must bleed to wash the vulture's scar.  
At last, Thou Christ, who far too oft hast been  
Upon Earth's cruel cross, shalt be her heart within.

### A Prayer

**I** SAW a fragile craft afloat  
At sea some twenty leagues or more,  
The course and speeding of the boat  
Directed by a man ashore.

Electric waves sent from the beach  
The boat's adjusted relays fill;  
Receiver and propeller reach,  
To do the distant pilot's will.

Thus may I on life's great sea,  
With heart attuned to things above,  
Let faith and hope receive for me  
God's wireless, tireless will and love.

### Videre Est Scire

**A** COLLEGE bred youth, conceited and  
vain,

Met an honest old quaker one day;

And soon he began in the usual strain,

The old infidel role to play.

The Bible, forsooth, he could not believe,

And freely asserted the fact;

Though willing, indeed was he, to receive

Any proof of each word and act.

With learning profound and logical air

He reasoned that "Heaven and Hell

May all be a myth, since if any go there

*They never come back to tell.*

A thing to be known must be seen," said the  
youth,

And the heat of his logic expired;

The quaker chimed in, "If that be the truth,

*Hast thou brains?"* He retired.

## A Wish for Annie

(Inscribed on the back of a five-dollar check—a wedding present.)

**L**OVE finds a way  
On your wedding day,  
Whether dollars be many or few;  
Not the cost of the gift  
Brings the spirit's uplift—  
It's the wish that comes with it to you.

May your life current flow  
Where the love-lights glow  
As soft as the moonbeam's kiss;  
May your boat ever glide  
On a silvery tide  
Of matrimonial bliss.

And when at last  
Life's journey is past,  
And the shadow of night bends low,  
May you find sweet rest  
In the Infinite's breast  
Beyond the sunset's glow.

## The Star and Cross

**O**NE star alone among the host of spheres  
Unmoved remains thru all the countless  
years,

Save that constant constellation bright,  
The Southern Cross, whose guiding light  
Directs the sailor's course beyond the line  
Where that **one star** does not shine.

A Mariner on life's great sea,  
There is one star that guideth me  
How rough or smooth the waves I stem,  
The blessed Star of Bethlehem!  
And should that Star fade from my eyes  
Another Guide is in the skies.  
North or South, I fear no loss  
As long as shine the Star and Cross.

### A Man's a Man

**O**H, would you know in this big world  
Who's really up or really down?  
Then look not on the pauper's rags,  
Nor count too high the monarch's crown.

We measure men too much by things—  
The accidents of rank or birth—  
The poor we scorn, yet all are kings  
That wear the crown of honest worth.

## Woodrow Wilson

**A** MAN of iron, in an age of gold!  
O golden heart in a world of steel!  
As the dove art gentle; as the eagle bold;  
To the King of Kings alone dost kneel.  
The trust of all the world! Freedom's Knight!  
The Glorious Chief who feels and toils  
'Gainst brutes that prate the "Righteousness of  
Might"  
And "To the Victor Belong the Spoils."

No tyrant, crowned! No scion of a royal tree;  
No boaster of a proud and mighty name,  
But from the world's great heart, like Neptune from  
the sea,  
The product and the arbiter he came.  
He speaks for Earth—to Notus, Euros, Auster, all—  
"Back to your homes in North and South and  
East and West!  
Nor evermore let conflict and confusion fall  
Where God designs life, work, and rest."

Henceforth the knave is rated with the fool!  
Virtue lives, and Vice must starve in rags!  
A man's a man, and life's no pool  
Where Might wins for kings while Justice lags.  
What fool but knows if at The Hague  
Had Prussia wise as Russia been,  
Her Kaiser ne'er had proved her fatal plague  
And Russia's ruin by his black sin?



## Nacoochee

### I.

**L**ONG years ago, in the evening shade  
Of the beautiful mount called Yonah,  
Nacoochee dwelt, an Indian maid,  
In the tent of her sire, Kanonah,  
In the tent of the chief, Kanonah.  
In that woodland wild, when she was a child,  
None knew her but to love her;  
For the charms she wore were such as bore  
The angels watching above her,  
Bright angels watching above her.

### II.

And this maiden loved as few can love  
The brave young Prince, Chattahoochee,  
But the chief had sworn by the lands above  
None ever should wed Nacoochee,  
His daughter, the fair Nacoochee.  
And thus it was the Princess sighed  
As she left the tent of Kanonah,  
To meet her Prince and become his bride  
On the top of the mountain Yonah,  
On the grand old summit of Yonah.

## III.

Her heart beat high, as nearer the sky,  
So darkly bright above her,  
And now 'tis passed, she's happy at last  
In the fond embrace of her lover,  
In the warm embrace of her lover.  
The sun had set, and bright the stars  
In heaven's vault were shining;  
Kanonah, the chief of many scars,  
In his tent sat sad repining,  
In his tent sat lone repining.

## IV.

With grief oppressed he smote his breast,  
And swore by all his power  
That naught could save the daring brave  
Who had robbed him of his flower,  
Narcocoochee, his wigwam flower.  
Uprising then he grasped his bow;  
And up the mountain flying,  
He reached the lofty summit, lo!  
He hears Narcocoochee sighing,  
His lost Narcocoochee sighing.

## V.

“Why, Maiden, sigh when love is nigh?  
To thy tender heart no stranger;  
The spirit light that puts to flight  
All thoughts of care and danger,  
All dreams of care and danger.”  
These soft words her lover spoke,  
And spake no more forever;  
E’en while his voice the stillness broke,  
Kanonah grasped the quiver,  
Kanonah seized the quiver,

## VI.

Withdrew a dart, aimed at the heart  
Of the daring Chattahoochee;  
The arrows gleam, in the moon’s bright beam,  
Falls on the eye of Nacoochee,  
The dark, soft eye of Nacoochee.  
“Oh, spare his life!” the maiden cries,  
To her lover’s bosom clinging.  
But the cord is loosed! the arrow flies,  
A dirge on the night wind singing,  
A dirge on the night wind singing.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
The poisoned dart pins fast her heart  
To her lover’s bosom core;  
And, face ot face, in Death’s embrace  
They are joined to part no more,  
In Heaven they’ll part no more.

## The Knights of Argonne

O H, think you romance is a thing of the past,  
And the days of true chivalry gone?  
Love's phases may change, but love? It will  
last

As long as the heart of the human beats on.  
The setting may vary, the carbon's the same;  
And a diamond on Ptolemy's brow  
From the smelting-pot came  
Of the young world aflame  
Along with the diamonds that flash for us  
now.

No knight of King Atrhur, no hero of old  
Was braver than men you saw yester-e'en;  
Our soldier boys, counting love dearer than gold,  
None braver than they ever have been!  
At home or in France 'mid cannon's loud roar—  
Wherever Old Glory is flung to the breeze—  
You may seek evermore  
The long ages o'er,  
The knightliest knights will be found among these.

## Georgia Scenes

O H, for the gift of Bobby Burns!  
I'd write a song in praise  
Of Georgia scenes and Georgia homes  
In simple southern phrase.  
'Twould touch and charm the souls of men  
Like his own Scottish lays.

For sure 'mong Scotia's rugged hills  
No purer life can be  
Than blooms on Georgia's varied slope  
From her mountains to the sea.  
Nor marsh nor cove less charming are  
Than bight and glen and lea.

Where Oostanaula's flowing tide  
Makes music to the ear,  
And fertile valleys spreading wide  
Among the hills appear,  
You'll find the Georgia cotter's home  
And all its inmates dear.

Here Saturday night's much the same  
As on the Ayr or Clyde;  
The Holy Book whose "heavenly flame"  
Lit Scotia's ingleside  
This hearthstone 'lumes, and Jesus' name  
And love and peace abide.

The bairms, or chaps, it matters not  
Whatever name we give—  
Perhaps 'mong these, one little tot  
May in the White House live,  
And for each scolding that he got  
Ten thousand cheers receive.

God bless the barefoot country boy—  
The home-spanked, prayed-for kind—  
That catches bird notes in his heart  
And sunbeams in his mind;  
His pants uncreased, he'll make a man  
By Nature's law refined.

In field with flaky cotton white,  
Or green with graceful waving corn,  
In honest toil he finds delight  
And knows no task to shirk or scorn,  
But welcomes rest that comes with night  
To limbs by faithful labor worn.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweet, gentle slesep! How soft, how soon  
Thy mantle falls upon the farm!  
When katy-dids hum their drowsy tune  
In dewy the woodland's shelt'ring arm,  
And the mellow light of full-orbed moon  
Floods the scene with dreamy charm.

This is the hour when from his tree  
The mock-bird's varied song is heard;  
With sorrow melts, or charms with glee  
Beyond the reach of poet's word.  
What notes! What trills! What ecstasy  
Floats from the soul of that kingly bird!

The scene must change—the rosy beams  
Of morning now light up the sky;  
Sweet Rose awakes from pleasing dreams,  
And blue-birds chirp from trees near by,  
“We’re glad you’re up! To us it seems  
The day comes not ’till you ope your eye!”

Dear playmate of the birds and flowers!  
My Georgia girl with face so fair,  
These friends among thy garden bowers  
With music fill and fragrance rare  
Thy tender heart, and heavenly showers  
Nurture truth embedded there.

Sweet Rose knows not the far-off town  
Where fashion queens and show girls reign;  
Where Wealth and Want, with iron frown,  
Alike mete out less joy than pain,  
To dupes of pleasure clad in velvet gown,  
To hungry, half starved slaves of gain.



Yet say not that her life's obscure,  
It opens to the vaulted sky.  
God's out-of-doors her world secure,  
In Virtue's fields her pathways lie  
Thru pastures green, by waters pure,  
And up the mountains reaching high.



## To Our Boys

**I**DLNESS, the devil's shop;"  
"Ignorance, expensive crop"—  
Sayings old and true.

Heed them, my boy, today,  
Profit by them while you may;  
Listen to your conscience say,  
"There's much for boys to do."

Ask the bum with bloated face  
What his first step to disgrace—  
Loafing on the street.  
Others went to school to learn,  
Ambition in their souls did burn,  
To him who dared his books to spurn  
Idleness was sweet.

Learn to labor and to wait;  
Trust in work, not in fate—  
No such thing as lucky star.  
By your acts you rise and fall;  
Honor, Fame and Glory call;  
But their portals close to all  
You must push the gates ajar.

### Sic Transic

**W**HEN e'er I see a ranting cheat  
Exult in tumult, noise, and  
cheers,  
I think of dust beneath his feet  
Where mortal pride and vain conceit  
Must rot a million years.

## Worry

N EVER trouble trouble  
    'Til trouble troubles you."  
    It's not a very human,  
    But a proper thing to do,  
For I hardly need to tell you—  
    I know you know the same—  
The worst of all our troubles  
    Are the ones that never came.

What we oft mistake for trouble  
    Are those foxes of the mind—  
Disdainful Dread, frantic Fear,  
    And Shame that skulks behind.  
They eat our grapes of happiness,  
    And leave us but the skin  
With all the juicy sweet pressed out,  
    But bitter pulp left in

Now wouldn't it be wiser  
    To laugh these foxes 'way?  
With Faith and Hope a-ragging them,  
    The little beasts can't stay.  
Then let's to work and smiling!  
    This old world's hard to beat;  
"With every rose we get a thorn,  
    But ain't the roses sweet?"

### Soul Tonic

SORROW and work—the bitters of life—  
Enrich and strengthen the soul;  
Tho sweet slothful ease, with bloat-germs rife,  
Is a morsel that many would roll.

God pity the man who never knew care,  
Whose bosom ne'er heaves a sigh;  
There's a strength, a charm, a feeling rare  
That trouble alone can buy.

### A Tasty Pie

THOUGHTS, pure and clean; smiles,  
bright and dear;

Mix them half and half.

In a quart of good cheer, warm and clear,  
Stir them to a laugh.

The *flower* of love sift into this—

A bushel and a peck;

Spice with the bliss of baby's kiss

And hug around the neck.

Add sweet, fresh milk, a gallon or so—

The "HUMAN KINDNESS" brand.

It's hard, I know, to *need* this dough,

But it makes the best pie in the land.

## Humanity's Reply

COME, mothers of the world, to Belleau Wood  
And to the dewy shades of dark Argonne;—  
Come view these mangled forms besmeared with  
blood—

Murdered grace and manhood's blighted dawn;  
Is this yours, Madam, whose glaring, leaden eye  
Late shone with love and hope? This golden hair  
Is matted now with gore—was it to die  
Thus butchered he played around your chair?

And look, sweet mother! see these pallid lips  
Which to your own in babyhood oft clung—  
Not rubies now! The death-foam forms and drips  
Where milk-beads from your tender breasts have  
hung,

Here's one, his brains blown out! His heart pro-  
trudes

Thru jagged broken ribs, his bowels all laid bare!  
A mass of rotting flesh from which exudes  
The putried blood—and stench befouls the air!

Here's one—not one, but seven millions dead!

And who can count the maimed, the halt, the  
blind?

Their crime? For what were these to slaughter led?

Come, monarchs of the world, an answer find.

A crime's been wrought, but where? by whom? and  
when?

Oh, tell the mothers of the dead where lies the  
guilt and wrong;

*Divine rights of kings or human rights of men—*

At which of these doors does the charge belong?

What! silent all. Then hear humanity's reply;

“ 'Gainst Emperor's maddening dreams of world  
empire

And secret plots of kings, and future selfish  
wars, I

Led Columbia's hordes to save the world afire.

Five million sons she gave! Within my grateful  
breast

The living and the deathless dead are one.

The dead have done their part; to the living left the  
rest

'To save or lose the goal, although the battle's  
won.' ”



### The Source of Beauty

THE beauty of the landscape's not out there;  
Within the soul it lies.

There would be no darkness anywhere

Were no dimness in the eyes.

The music of the spheres that roll—

The star is but the key;

The master touch comes from the soul

That wakes the melody.

## The Call of the South

**F**ROM the sweet sunny South, the realm of romance,  
A region renowned by story and song,  
Where the hues of the rainbow tremblingly dance  
On flower and fruit all the year long;

From the sweet, sunny South where cotton makes  
white  
The field once crimson with battle-shed gore,  
And the blue-bird nestles with calm delight  
In the mouth of the cannon, hushed evermore;

From the sweet, sunny South where mansions arose  
With Phoenix-like magic from ashes of war,  
And Time has made friends of brothers, once foes,  
And healed forever the national scar;

From the sweet sunny South, where factory smoke—  
Proud banner of industry—floats on the air  
O'er cities where once the dread war-cloud broke  
And melted to ruins in battle's red glare;

From the sweet sunny South, God's favored clime,  
Comes to the world a loud welcome call.  
Joy-ringing bells, in musical chime,  
Are telling of happiness found here for all.

### Optimism

**T**O die in the trench two comrades fell;  
Said Pat to Mike, "This mud is hell."

"Be-gord, ye are right," said Mike to Pat,  
"But look at the stars, and forget about that."

Two souls went out from temples of clay  
By the torch of the star's inspiring ray.

God save all such! for when came the hitch  
The world was saved by the man in the ditch.

### Life's Current

**L**IFE is a stream. My little boat  
Upon the flowing tide afloat,  
Now bounces over laughing fall  
Where siren voices to me call;  
Now pauses where the eddies play  
To spin around but not to stay.  
I reach out for the golden sand;  
It dribbles, dribbles through my hand.  
Flowers abloom along the shore  
I bruise and crush with idle oar.  
On, on I speed neath azure skies.  
Where ever least resistance lies,  
Adreaming, floating listlessly  
With the current to the sea.

### Labor Vincit

**A** DREAM'S a dream—  
Perhaps a freak,  
A scheme's a scheme,  
It may be weak.  
A dream and scheme  
Can nothing do,  
TILL WORK AND WORK  
HAS PROVED THEM TRUE.

### To The Printer

I CHARGE thee, printer, print my lines  
As I give them unto thee,  
Tho caps and commas you may think  
Where they they hadn't ought to be.

I wrote as caption to my song,  
"LINES TO A BOUNCING LASS."  
The pesky printer got it wrong,  
"LINES FROM A BLUNDERING ASS."

I quoted once, "What's writ is writ,"  
To cap a climax hot;  
The cussed typo printed it ..  
to read, *What's Writ is Rot.*

### Cohutta Town

**T**O Cohutta town, Cohutta town  
The mountain roads run up and down,  
Churches, mill, stores and hall—  
Two dozen homes, but that's not all;  
A school there is, and to and fro  
Thru mud-red roads the children go.

'Tis true, the meadows are as fair  
Around Resaca—anywhere;  
And at Varnelles and Tilton, too,  
September sky's as soft a hue,  
But at Cohutta to and fro  
Thru dust-gray roads more children go.

At Cohutta town, it can be said,  
The Past is buried with its dead;  
The Present lives—her golden light  
Is shining on each hearthstone bright;  
The Future smiles when to and fro  
Thru milk-white roads the children go.

### The Militant Suffragette

**T**HERE are two classes of suffragettes; the one a reasonable class demanding justice, the other a class of wild beasts.

The screaming, disheveled, bomb-throwing woman will never, pray God, be a permanent factor in political life. She has already about had her day, and is passing into utter contempt. "Votes for Women" is a worthy cause, but is not worth the price if it involves the degradation of womanhood and dethronement of her spiritual leadership. To break the laws and become an intolerable nuisance, is not the way to accomplish things,—certainly not under a democracy.

It is comforting to see the dignified and far more efficient mien of the womanly suffragette, who, with more brains in her head than her de-natured militant sister, is winning converts to the cause. She is accomplishing a woman's work in a woman's way and does not outrage the two deepest and most creditable instincts of man's breast; the respect in which he holds women and the regard he has for orderly procedure. These thoughtful women are not objects for ridicule or satire.

---

### The New Eve

**F**ROM dust," God said, "let man arise  
To rule the realm of Paradise."  
Then Adam slept, and from his side  
God took a rib to make his bride.

Man's had his day. He sleeps again;  
This time the Devil takes his brain  
To make some women that we see.  
Man ain't the boss he used to be.



### The Suffragettes

THE female of our species  
Has the suffrage flag unfurled;  
She would cease to rock the cradle  
But begins to rock the world.

She would set up her dominion  
In a world without a *pane*;  
She has struck on raising children,  
And is bent on raising *cain*.

She says that men are grafters,  
And the suffragettes must haste  
With a regiment of corsets  
To reduce the public waist.

### What Next?

**I** T'S cooking stove, fireless;  
Telegraph, wireless;  
Ships that sail in the air;  
Cars running trackless;  
Men floating backless—  
Jellyfish everywhere.  
Out in the street I chanced to meet  
A pair of pants this morn;  
I ran agin 'em,  
No man was in 'em—  
A woman had 'em on.

## A Modern Product

**I**N ye olden time ye old maid aunts  
Never panted for a pair of pants.  
Demure at home they homely sat  
Content with rocking chair and cat.  
Saintly, prude and prim were they,  
Alas! Alas! they've passed away!  
The bachelor girl is everywhere  
With mausculine voice and mannish air.  
She pants for pants and cigarettes,  
And rants and rants with suffragettes.  
Ye Pilgrim shades and cavaliers!  
Ye Plymouth maids and Jamestown dears!  
Men with strong arms who could fight for your way,  
And women as gentle as flowers of May!  
The tables have turned since your race was run,  
Now it's *bachelor-maid* and *old-maid son*.  
"He sings to the world and she to the nest,  
In the nice ear of Nature which song is best?"  
When Lowell wrote these catchy words  
He had in mind the women and birds  
That God sent down from Eden's shade,  
And not the *goose the times have made*.  
'Mong all the fowls none of the rest  
Would compel the male to sit on the nest,  
And he would not, *while his wife runs loose*,  
If he weren't himself a *son* of a *goose*.

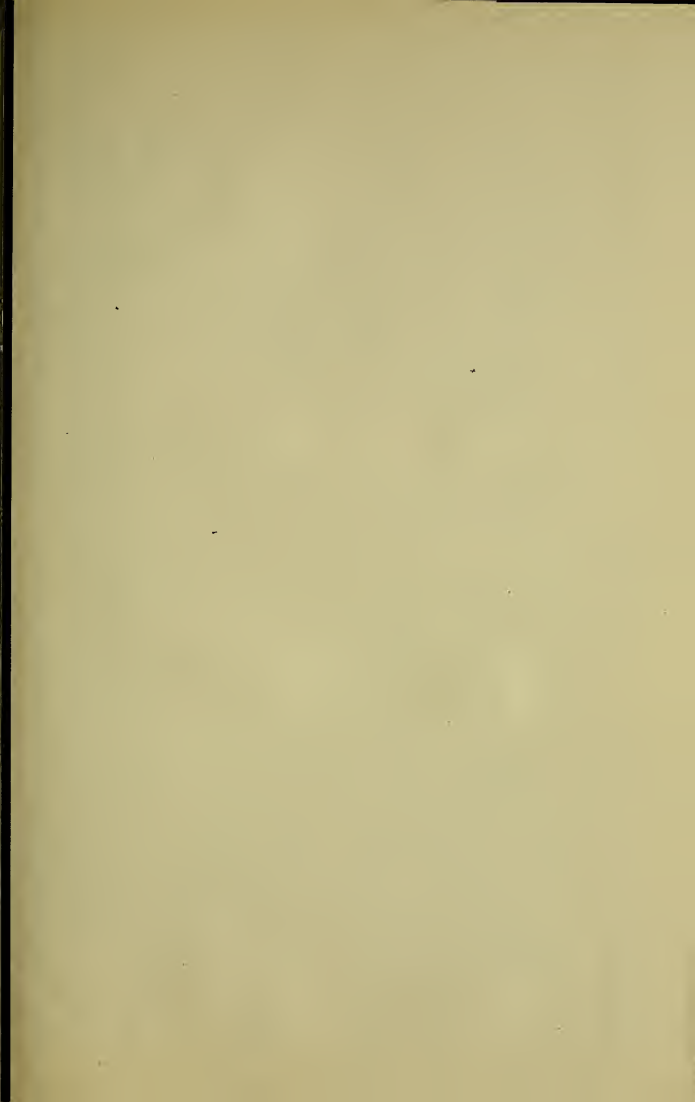
### Why?

**Y**OU ask me why from men apart  
To dusky grove I oft repair;  
Think you 'tis empty mind and heart  
That drives me, thoughtless, strolling there?  
You're right; for in the noisy crowd,  
When duped by pleasure, slaved by gain,  
I sordid grow, as weak as loud,  
Nor thought nor feeling doth remain,  
I leave the busy marts of trade  
Where what I've lost found cannot be,  
But comes unsought in woodland shade;  
For there it ever seeketh me.

### Hope and Memory

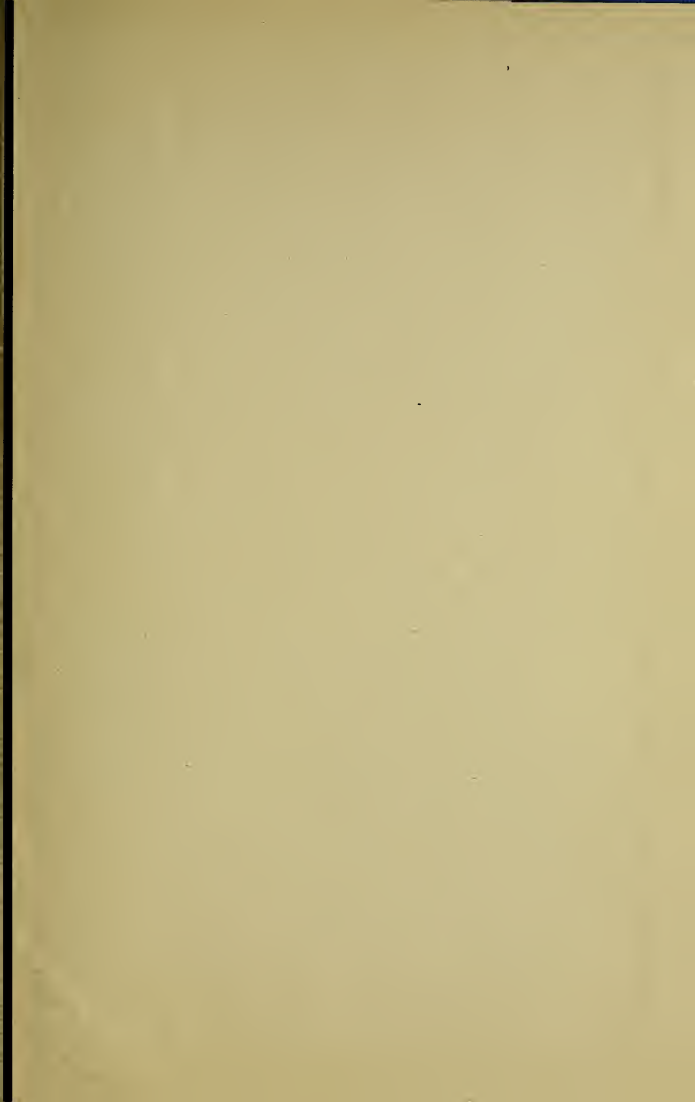
**A**NTICIPATION forward points the view  
And guilds with happiness;  
Live right, and retrospection, too,  
Shall charm thee none the less.











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